

To Miss Nancy Galler.

O may Heaven your path with roses strain;
And bathe each wound of woe in pity's dew.
May all your life be fair as summer Eve,
When no dark cloud breaks the scene of Heaven.
And when storm death with unrelenting hand
Shall poised his dart and show his abiding sand,
Then my kind Angels, waft you to the skies,
To paint the enchanting scenes of Paradise.

Please to accept this from your friend M. C. Johnson

Amherst April 19 1831

Gold Star



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